

Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT:

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ONE PENNY.



ON ICE.

Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

Why There Were No New Peers on the Honours List.

"George Rex is doing nothing in earldoms!" This was the dictum of this journal as recently as May 24th, in regard to the ambitions of Lord Iveagh, the head of Guinness's. The Birthday Honours List has proved the truth of our statement. Not only were there no earldoms on June 3rd, but not a coronet was dispensed.

We explained months ago that King George had definitely informed Mr. Asquith that the limits of party peerages had been reached, and we gave the most circumstantial information in regard to the title which the Prime Minister requested the King to confer upon a millionaire soap-maker, and the character of the King's refusal to grant the Peerage. Sir William Lever remains a simple baronet, and a few other gentlemen who got their new "handles" and coats-of-arms all ready for the College of Heralds at the time Mr. Asquith was threatening to create five hundred peers are feeling extremely umbraged that the shower of coronets has suddenly dried up.

The last peer to be created was the ex-Governor of Bombay, Sir George Sydenham Clarke, who became Lord Sydenham, and the irony of that new coronet lies in the fact that the honour was created "off the King's own bat," without consultation with the Prime Minister, and that at last Monday's levee, when the new Peer made his bow to the King for the first time as a Peer of the Realm, it was no other than Mr. Asquith who was commanded to present the new Lord to His Majesty. This must have been a touch of that dry humour of which King George is the unsuspected possessor.

A Sidelight on the Birthday Honours List.

Incidentally another unnoted Honours List item ought not to be passed over. Few people realise what a tremendous amount of labour is expended in the compilation of these lists. It is an old-time jibe of the leader writers of some of the daily halfpenny papers that Honours Lists seem to be

thrown together without any discrimination in the of the names. It sometimes happens, however, public obtains an accidental sidelight upon the selection of knights and other dignitaries which illustrates the is taken to insert only the right people in the lists. sidelight occurred on Monday.

At the very hour that the "comps" of the daily were setting up the Birthday Honours List, there was a who for nearly twenty years had occupied a unique post, which had secured for its former possessor a but which had not even secured for its last possessor a knighthood. Alfred Austin had been Poet Laureate since the death of Lord Tennyson, but he was an unmuse, and the Honours Lists through all those years failed to find his name down even for a simple "Baronet." Surely there never was a more illuminating ray of light in the making of the King's Honours Lists than the death of the untitled Poet Laureate at the very hour that the list included "Sir Forbes Robertson" was being made for the Press!

When the First of the Actor-Knights was C

Nowadays the knighting of an actor is merely an ing head-line for the papers, and the honour conferred on Sir Forbes Robertson was generally anticipated. Thirty years ago, when the first theatrical knighthood conferred, it made an absolute furor. The old in the Piccadilly clubs had to rub their eyes when they realised that they were really reading the name of Squire Bancroft in the Birthday Honours paper, and not dreaming, they decided that this was certainly coming to "a pretty pass!" Naturally, Bancroft was as amazed as the rest of the world. He has lived to see his unique distinction shared by no six other great actors—Sir Henry Irving, Sir George Ham, Sir John Hare, Sir Herbert Tree, Sir George and Sir Forbes Robertson, while the late Sir Augustus was a "theatrical" knight, and the same might be said of Sir Arthur Pinero, both of whom, like Sir Herbert, were of Jewish parentage. Queen Victoria was very fond of the Bancrofts, but she would have held up her old hands at some of the successors of the popular Squire."

When the Bancrofts Set up as Aristocrats in Berkeley Square.

Few people realise that Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft enjoyed their title for nearly three decades. Yet and so tremendous was a knighthood for an actor in the year 1885, that Sir Squire felt himself compelled to retire from the stage when his elevation took place, so score that it would be unseemly for one of the knights of the shire to be seen strutting it on the a theatre. He and Lady Bancroft took a house in Berkeley Square, where they set up as "aristocrats" amongst the oldest residents, and set up as "aristocrats" with the right to wear clothes of a peculiar cut, and other little idiosyncrasies, after the manner of the spell their name "Cholmondeley" and the tallest in "Chumley." Sir Squire still wears the monochrome London, and the thickest of black-rimmed monocles. he is still only seventy-two his conspicuous figure ably long serve to remind the worshippers of those actor-knights, George Alexander and Herbert Tree, the days of Queen Victoria it was thought incumbent on an actor who won a knighthood to be seen upon no more. Times have indeed changed, though necessarily for the worse.

Irving Continues to Play After Being Knighted.

Residence in Berkeley Square would, in any case, be the current of a man's mind. The Square still outside some of the houses, the iron extinguishers of which the link-boys of other days put out the road after conducting the ladies home from the theatre in Sedan chairs. Anyway, the Bancrofts retired to the fortune of £100,000, and were soon lost to the public which had so much admired them. Some years ago, the great Henry Irving was also knighted—a title which none was ever better received by the public. Shakespearean continued to play nightly, however, the Bancrofts at last decided that they had over-estimated the importance of the mark of esteem which the Queen conferred on them. Irving had the modesty to allow only "Henry Irving" to figure on the posters, but for many years he continued to delight his audiences with "Hamlet."



IN THE ROW.

Then it was that the Bancrofts began to grow curious and to discover that they were wasting time. Years of cogitation had followed the title, but Lady Bancroft eventually drifted back into the old happy times of hard work and money-spinning, and at last she decided to "begin over again."

The Bancrofts Return to the Stage.

Her fame as an actress had been made at the little old "Dusthole" in Tottenham Street, behind the Tottenham Court Road (otherwise the Prince of Wales's Theatre), and during the days when she and Mr. Bancroft had the place all the great characters of the last half of the Victorian era passed beneath its portals—Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Disraeli, Ruskin, Huxley, Dickens, Tennyson, Browning, and a host of others. The theatre had at last justified its name. For twenty years it had been closed. The Army had even given it up! Empty and melancholy, a rubbish heap within, and a hoarding without, it had made "The Dusthole." Lady Bancroft, who might have made hundreds of thousands of pounds during those twenty years, but for that unlucky "handle," at last went back to Tottenham Street, pulled the old house to pieces, and erected upon the site the handsomest theatre in London. And when one day in 1904 she stood upon its stage, with her husband and a crowd of well-wishers around her, to make her opening speech once more as the proprietress of the new Theatre, she burst into tears as she recalled the old days and sorrows of the old days in the "Dusthole!" Her Ladyship's splendid optimism soon dried her tears, however, and, in truth, she had good cause, for it is a dream theatre to make it into a national theatre, one in which Shakespeare should be performed at least once a week! Alas, but a few months were to see the noble building again given over to the rats, and since that day the Bancrofts have been contented to "live on their pasts."

Was the Duchess of Marlborough "Pulling the Duke's Leg?"

Though they never meet, there are no two people to-day who provide Society with so much interesting speculation as the Marlboroughs. The perfect understanding between the Duke and his tall and baby-faced American Duchess, and the cause of their separation, have been already exclusively narrated in these columns. We told but a few weeks since how the Duchess seventeen years ago used to make the Duke sick and sorry for himself, and what a blessing was that parchment of Sir George Lewis's, which eventually parted them without the assistance of a judge of the Divorce Court. We also instanced the refusal of the Duchess's mother, Mrs. Belmont, to spend another "darller" in England in witness of the little arts of pique and fin-de-siècle which used to get on the Duke's nerves so frequently.

Well, when we read the Duchess's account in the *Daily Telegraph* the other day of her evening party at Sunderland House we were compelled to the conclusion that Her Grace had been tilting at her husband once again. If not, a coincidence of the most curious character occurred. The story opens a week last Thursday night, when the Duke of Marlborough, who is a very pleasant after-dinner talker, was the guest at the annual banquet of the Printers' Pensions Fund at the Connaught Rooms. His Grace happily alluded to his own "journalistic" experiences—chiefly for the *Daily Mail*—as follows: "It is true that on occasion I have respectfully submitted little efforts of my own to the mercy of editors, trembling lest a split infinitive might be discovered, and also printed; or whether such dreadful phrases might be found as 'and which.'"

"— And Which!"

With the Duke the journalistic world is entirely agreed that "and which" is in truth a "dreadful phrase." No Fleet-streeter would nowadays be guilty of it. It has, in fact, passed into the limbo of forgotten phrases. However, the same night the Duke's wife gave a great rout at her town house, and the next day the *Daily Telegraph's* reporter noted that: "Last night the Duchess of Marlborough gave a 'small dance' at Sunderland House," and a list of guests followed. This account much annoyed the Duchess, who is an American millionairess who never does anything which could be described as "small." Consequently Her Grace sat her down determined to do her party justice, and the day after the *Daily Telegraph* gave a second account of the Duchess's event, which began: "Sunderland House, Mayfair, was on Wednesday night the scene of a very brilliant ball given by the Duchess of Marlborough, and at which all the leading members of the social world were represented."

Thus, for the first time for years, the execrated phrase, "and which," appeared in the *Telegraph*, from the pen of the Duchess whose husband had but forty-eight hours before given the "dreadful phrase" its final coup de grace. We can readily forgive the Duchess for feeling annoyed that her "very brilliant ball" should be described by the *Telegraph* as a "small dance" (even if the Duke's people were conspicuous by their entire absence), but Her Grace's perpetration of "and which" was really too provoking. As we exclusively announced in these columns some weeks ago, the Duchess and the Blenheim family have now entirely ceased all association, and the Duchess is no longer chaperoned by the Duke's gracious mother, Lady Blandford.

An "Oxford Nib" of Twenty Years Ago.

The Duke of Marlborough, who is as frank and cordial as his pretty but piquey wife is secretive and "posey," reminded the guests of the Printers that "Oxford still paid

its tribute to those who could coin a good phrase." He added, "You may remember a phrase which had such a vogue at Oxford. 'The time that he could spare from the neglect of his duties he devoted to the adornment of his person!'" What the genial Duke did *not* tell his audience was that that phrase was coined as a shaft for His Grace himself, in the days when he was endeavouring to set a new fashion in cut-away coats at Oxford—an effort, by the way, which signally failed.

The Duke was one of the Varsity "knuts" of twenty years ago. For at least ten years His Grace stuck to a fashion of his own in morning coats, a feat which requires no little pluck for a man in the position of the Lord of Blenheim. In his cartoon of the Duke, "Spy" caught His Grace in a typical specimen of the Blenheim cut-away morning-coat, and, truth to tell, it was an excellent fashion. But the tailors would not take it up, and it has never come into vogue. Whether the Duke still fancies himself as an arbiter of fashion we cannot say, but he always looks the pink of perfection in the matter of attire.

The Duke Rates the Editor of the Daily Telegraph.

The Marlboroughs, of course, can never expect to get justice from the *Daily Telegraph*. That eminent but socially ill-informed journal seems fated to find itself "up against" the Marlboroughs. Time was when the Duke wrote letters to the Editor of the *Telegraph* full of withering scorn. His Grace's ire was roused by the *Telegraph's* treatment of Winston Churchill's biography of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill. The *Telegraph* reviewer stated of Lord Randolph: "His treatment of his friends was often atrocious, sometimes not even honourable. He was very careless of truth!" That a Churchill should be thus publicly branded as a liar was too much for Lord Randolph's ducal nephew, and the Duke chastised the Editor on paper in terms which left the Editor no option but to make the *amende honorable* in the most abject fashion.

But the Churchills have never forgotten the effrontery of the *Daily Telegraph* on that occasion. Nor has the *Telegraph* forgotten the snub. The Duke of Marlborough's asseveration that he had submitted some of his little journalistic efforts to editors was probably not entirely an after-dinner joke. His Grace is a very serious fellow, who takes his high position with much dignity, and his recent articles on agriculture in the *Daily Mail* show him to be a keen student of the country's prime industry.



TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE: "SUMURUN."

PLAIN SPEAKING.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The Editor will be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs and matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under the heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be sent, and where written matter is forwarded it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

Cocks Without Crows.

A tremendous problem is perplexing the City Fathers of Chicago. They have decided that the city shall be the first noiseless town in America, and are devising various ances compelling "street vehicles to use noiseless tyres, tradesmen calling at houses to use noiseless heels (But they don't call with their heels, surely!), motor-cars to be noiseless, and hawkers to refrain from shouting." All this, as the Americans would say, dead easy, but the problem which is "beating the band" is the difficulty of persuading the roosters to cease from crowing. It seems that Chicago is well off for roosters—crowing of all kinds, indeed, hitherto been encouraged. Now, however, the puzzle is to stop chanticler from saluting the dawn in his usual vociferous manner. Two plans, we learn, are being considered. One is to isolate the roosters "in boxes which prevent the birds extending their necks," and the other to remove one of the bird's vocal chords. By adopting the latter, more scientific plan—a plan suited to the peculiar genius of Chicago, where surgical operations upon animals are carried to a fine art, so that even the squeal of a porker paying his last sad visit to a canning factory is separated from its owner for use in the advertisements which herald the excellence of his residual products—a "soft and pleasant whistle replaces the rooster's morning crow." In future, no doubt, the favourite salutation of the members of the rooster's harem will be "Whistle, and I'll come to ye, lad!"

Hobble Skirts and Hygiene.

Chicago has been in the limelight again during the past week, owing to the widely advertised decision of its Medical Society that tight skirts are hygienic, artistic, and comfortable, and that they correct bad walking. This is bad news for the cloth and *lingerie* manufacturers, for, of course, all take our fashions from Chicago, and the doctors' recommendation have now put an effective stopper to any possible stimulation of flowing fluffy skirts with the view of stimulating the trade. Of course, the Chicago doctors have reason on their side, for the spectacle of a pretty woman acting as a road-sweeper with her voluminous skirts was never a pleasant one. There have been many outcries of protest as to the indelicacy of the eel-skin dress which has ousted frothy draperies from the field of women's favour, but all if a woman has a good figure why should she hamper and swaddle it in yards of expensive material, which hampers her movements and conceal the gifts that nature has given her. The main trouble is that it is not only the women with good figures who affect the extreme of fashion, which leaves precious little to the imagination, but it is the Dutch galleon type of feminine which casts ridicule upon an otherwise attractive mode.

Walk or Waddle?

A further dissertation on the defects of the modern woman was given by Dr. Oxley in the Bow County Court last Monday. While Chicago women, according to their angelic day, (who ought to know), walk with their feet at right angles, thereby ruining the arch of their feet, the Red Indian, according to the English medical man, walks with his toes straight out, presumably without any geometrical effect upon the understandings. The difference, apparently, is little more than a question of feet. Both wear portions of themselves as body adornment, both like to trick themselves out with pieces of stone and pebbles, both love a flaunting feather, both paint their faces, and other visible parts of their anatomy, both wear as little clothing (or less) as is compatible with decency, or the requirements of the ultra-civilised and uncivilised feminine have very much in common. The main difference is that the savage walks naturally with her feet unhindered, while the ultra-civilised woman waddles with

toes turned outward, and poised on monstrosities of heels which throw all her weight on to her toes. This is what civilisation brings, and that—if the Chicago doctors are to be believed—is what the hobble skirt is going to alter, if it is worn long enough—in point of time, of course.

The Serpentine for Suicides.

There seems to be a subtle atmosphere in Hyde Park which incites people to immolate themselves upon the altar of notoriety. It is almost as easy to get free advertising there as free speech. Hence the Suffragettes and other curious specimens of humanity who exhibit themselves to the public gaze. Mr. Denman, at Marlborough Street Police Court the other day, made a timely protest against the fashion of "committing suicide" in the Serpentine, when admonishing a woman who had come all the way from Liverpool "to commit suicide and leave us with a nasty wet corpse." Of course, we all know it is possible to drown oneself in a bucketful of water, but there is no doubt that the silly women—and men, too—who wade into the Serpentine with the ostensible purpose of putting an end to a useless existence, do so with an eye to more or less dramatic effect, and with before any serious harm is done—except possibly to their clothes. Drowning is a crude, sloppy sort of death at best, but those who seek it might at least go where the water is deeper and cleaner than in the Serpentine.

The Lady with the Goo-Goo Eyes.

Whatever the opposition variety theatres may think of the competition of the London Opera House there is not the slightest doubt that the management can teach them a few wrinkles in the art of advertising. Scarcely recovered from the blizzard, and somewhat vulgar, "booming" which preluded the production of the "Come Over Here" revue, we have now been treated, by the aid of an indulgent Press, with some quite amusing piffle concerning a lady who is said to have insured her eyes for £5,000—with an American insurance company, of course; it sounds American. The Revue Artist's "Soul Windows" provided very effective little openings for the development of the unpaid puff persuasive, although if the lady is such a "one-er" at making goo-goo and other species of eyes Mr. Stanley would have us believe, we think it is the insupportable "boys of the village" who ought to take out insurance policies on their hearts, and not the lady herself.

Extract from a County Court report in *The People*: Defendant said he had no private income. All his patients were on the panel, and he had no private practice. All his patients were on the panel, and he had no private practice. A little private practice might be useful to the compositor and proof-reader too.

Mrs. Pankhurst's New Disciple.

We are watching with interest to see what Mr. McKenna will do with Alice Hall, a cook, who was sentenced at the London Sessions to three years' penal servitude because she found it more profitable to disappear with her employers' money than to spend her energies in prosaic culinary labours. The lady smilingly announced her intention to go on hunger-strike, and was assured that the three years did not mean more than three weeks, as she would be released. Will she? We wonder! Of course, nothing of this sort was bound to come, for there is really no reason why the Alice Halls and the Jane Cake-should not play the same game as Mrs. Pankhurst and her silly followers, and with the same result. We are not got this particular lady's measurements, but if she is able to last out the traditional dimensions perhaps she will still, if she persists in starving herself, the time come when she must be let out, either in body or spirit, and the question for Mr. McKenna is—Which? At any rate, whatever happens, Mrs. Pankhurst must be pleased to have such a splendid disciple.



AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

Chauffeur: "Well, the police will be on my side, anyhow."
The Optimist: "Yes, one on each side."

More Motor Leniency.

We have frequently referred to the ridiculous soft-heartedness of juries when they have to deal with deaths caused by motor vehicles, and we intend to revert to the topic from time to time as occasion arises, for drivers of motor-cars, 'buses and trade vehicles must be taught that the streets are not made for their sole benefit and behoof and that the public have rights which must be conserved. This week we wish to point out a flagrant case of a London magistrate who also does not seem to appreciate the gravity of the situation. Mr. Dickinson, at Bow Street a day or two ago, passed the absurdly light sentence of seven days' imprisonment without hard labour on John Edwards, an engineer, of Ellerby Street, Fulham, who was arrested in Shaftesbury Avenue late at night in a drunken condition and driving a motor-car without any front light. The utter inadequacy of the punishment is so palpable that comment becomes unnecessary. Drunkenness is bad enough in a chauffeur, but when aggravated by a failure to provide lighted lamps we think a sentence of three months with hard labour would not be too severe. If and when a magistrate is run over by a reckless driver perhaps the Bench will begin to recognise that the public expects its law officers to protect its rights in the use of the streets.

The Latest Gamble.

The utter impossibility of ever eradicating the love of gambling from the human breast received another illustration at Cannock Chase last week, when three men were convicted and ordered to pay costs on a charge of betting. Their method was to make wagers upon the numbers of motor-cars which passed by. To stop this dreadful evil we presume Lord Newton, or some other anti-gambling fanatic, will bring in a bill to abolish the motor-car, or to have the identification numbers placed where they will not be seen by pedestrians. The real fact is that if gambling is to be stopped by Acts of Parliament our legislature will be supplied with work enough to last till the millennium.

BILL WIDE'S CERTAINTY.

It was in the train returning from Kempton, and a screaming hot favourite had been left at the post in the last race. "I 'ates these bloomin' certs," exclaimed my opposite neighbour. "D'irectly yer gits yer money on, somethin's sure to 'appen, and dahn it goes! Why it's as bad as Bill Wide's certainty!"

Scenting a story, I offered him a cigar and asked for particulars. He lit it carefully, and after testing its quality went on:—

It was the Monday before Goodwood, and Bill Wide was in 'is fav'rit' little crib up at the Bush, alonger Joe Snatcher and Fred Jiggers. Fred played a really good game o' billiards, when he slipped 'isself, and they was simply playin' for a mug, for they'd been fair on the rocks for days.

'Oo should come in at that moment but a young feller they knoo' by sight, who always seemed to have plenty of brass, and was very fond o' talkin' racing. What 'e knoo' abart it seemed to come mostly from the papers; for 'e'd got all the old wheezes, from the "saddlin'-bell at Lincoln" to the "fallin' of the curtain," with "Apply 'Ampton" and "Glorious Goodwood" chucked in. To 'ear 'im talk you'd a-thought you was a-reading of the Tellygraft.

"Arternoon, Captin," says Bill. "Goin' to Goodwood?"

"Yes, I thought of goin' down, says the young un! "Are you?"

"Well, I ain't quite made up my mind," says Bill.

"Oh, you ought ter go, really!" 'e says. "It's a glorious place!" And with that 'e orders drinks round, and starts workin' orf all the ole chestnuts, like the "Sussex fortnite" and the "white sails dottin' the blue waters o' the Solent" till I felt I should a' bashed 'im if it 'adn't been for the beer. All of a sudden, out 'e comes with the "Birdless Grove."

"Wot's that?" says Bill, winkin' at us.

So 'e tells us all abart it, and ow, "from time immemorial,"—the mug was fond o' double-barrelled words—"no feathered songster 'ad ever been viewed within those verdant precincks."

"Ow interestin'!" says Snatcher.

But Bill 'e just orders a biscuit from the barmaid, and 'ands it over to 'im.

"Take it, Captin," 'e says, "you've fair won it!"

"What do you mean?" asks the mug. "Don't you believe me?"

"Now, look 'ere," says Bill. "It ain't fair o' you, just because you've travelled a bit, to come and take advantage o' three innercent young fellers like me and my pals! In a beautiful country place like that there must be scores and scores of singin' birds orl over the place!"

"But there aren't!" 'e shouts, gettin' quite excited. "I'll bet five to one on it!"

"I'll take yer fifty pound to ten," says Bill, quiet-like, and the young un booked the bet and offered to double it, which o' course Bill does. Then Joe and Fred steps in, for though they didn't tumble to Bill's game, they knoo' it wasn't 'is 'abit ter chuck much away, so they each snaps up a little fifty to ten on their own.

"But 'ow are we goin' ter settle it?" asks Fred.

Then Bill arranges for 'em all ter go down together by the early train next day, so as ter leave plenty o' time ter decide the bet before racin', and the winner 'as to pay all exes, and stand a bit o' grub on the course. They fixes the time, and arter one more drink, Bill says if he's goin' art o' town in the mornin' 'e's got bizness that must be seen to fust, and tellin' 'em not to be late, off 'e goes.

Next mornin' they all turns up at the station in good time. Bill says 'e's sorry, but 'e ain't got nuthin' smaller than a 'undred-pound note, but as soon as 'e gets in the ring 'e'll ask Charley 'Ibbert to change it for 'im, and then 'e'll settle up. Meanwhile 'e says they didn't want ter be bothered with a lot o' little accounts, so the Captin 'ad better be paymaster for the lot, so as ter 'ave it all in one 'and.

He pays like a little baa-lamb, and off they goes, 'avin' got a carriage to theirselves, throo' Bill a-standin' at the winder and usin' langwidge when anybody else tried to get in. Bill suggests a game o' cards, always likin' to be sartin of his exes at the start, but the mug must 'a read some o' them silly tales in the sporting papers, and won't play nuthin' but short whist for threepenny points. It bein' too early to quarrel, they 'umours 'im, so orl they can manage to squeeze out of him is a fiver, throo 'is layin' the

long odds when 'e's a double and two up. And mighty 'ard they had to work too, even for that, for the cards wouldn't go right some'ow, and if it 'adn't been for Fred, who's playin' with the jay, trumpin' 'is partner's ace and then revokin' two 'ands runnin', they'd 'ave 'ad to owe the money. The mug looked a bit annoyed, and Fred 'ad to explain to 'im 'ow impossible it is ter play whist unless you've puffick silence, and says as 'ow the rattle o' the train put his mind off the game.

When they gets to Singleton, Bill asks 'em ter wait while 'e goes ter see if a pal of 'is, 'oo's a-ridin' in the fust race, 'as sent 'im a wire. He goes ter the bookin'-office, where little Solly Isaacs, 'im as keeps the bird-shop in the Dial, is a-waitin' for 'im.

"Ave yer got 'em?" asks Bill.

"A 'undred of the betht yer ever thaw!" says Solly, and 'e shows 'im a large box wrapped up in a cloth. So Bill tells 'im to jump in a sharry-bang and get off to the "Birdless Grove," quick.

"An, when yer gets there," 'e says, "just you lie down be'ind a tree and wait there till I wants yer!"

They all 'as a drink, so as ter give Solly a good start, and then drives up to the Park.

Well, they wanders into the Grove, and the mug gets quite excited, and says, "Well, where are yer scores o' singin' birds?"

The three keeps lookin' about 'em, and then Bill 'e pulls a bird-whistle out of his 'sky' and toons up.

"Ark!" says Fred and Joe, "there's a bird a-singin' somewhere!"

Bill toons up agin, and while the others stares about to find the bird, 'e wanders over to Solly, who's a-squatin' be'ind a tree, and says: "Now, then, quick, let 'em fly!"

"What?" says Solly.

"You perishing idiot, let 'em fly, quick!" says Bill.

"But, Bill, their flyin' dayth ith over."

"Wot d'yer mean? Open that box!"

Solly, who was a-shakin' like a jellied eel, takes off the cloth and opens the box.

Bill 'as one look, and then 'e roars, "Strike me pink! D'yer take me for the Cheshire Cheese?"

Yer see, when Bill left 'em on business the day before, 'e sent 'is little nipper round with a message to Solly Isaacs. "Tell 'im," 'e says, "I want a 'undred larks delivered before racin' termorrer at Singleton station. Let 'im bring 'em 'imself, and 'e shall 'ave 'is own price, and no questions asked." That last bit slipped in natural and unconscious-like, 'im bein' in the dorg business, but 'e reclected in time, and changed it to "and all exes paid."

Solly jumped at the chance of a day's racin' with a bit o' profit thrown in, so thinkin' Bill 'ad got a order from some toff for a lark-pudden, 'e wrings the necks of all 'is larks, and a couple o' dozen greenfinches as well, 'cos 'e thought Bill wouldn't know the diffrence when they 'ad their feathers orf. 'E plucks and trusses 'em, and then goes off to Leaden'all ter buy the rest of the 'undred.

"So the mug got forty pounds?" I ventured incautiously.

The answer was contemptuous.

"The mug got a black eye and a most remarkable thick ear, for askin' silly questions. 'E acshally 'ad the nerve ter ask Bill 'oo was a-goin' ter pay 'im 'is forty pounds!"

When Bill 'ad done wiv' 'im, Fred and Joe shoved their dooks in 'is face and arsked 'im if there was anythin' more 'e wanted. 'E turned a sort o' sickly green, and mumbled something about lettin' 'em orf.

"What?" says Bill. "Do you think you can drag three 'ard-workin' racin' men orl over the country and then talk about lettin' 'em orf? If you 'adn't been wastin' our time with yer rotten natchral hist'ry, we might 'a found out the winner o' the Stooard's Cup by now!"

"I'm sorry," says the mug, a-shakin' all over.

"Sorry," sniffed Bill. "Sorrer won't buy my roast nor boiled, nor even baccy! This 'ere seems ter me a case for compensation."

The mug bungs 'im a fiver.

"No good!" says Bill. "This 'ere's a case for 'eavin' damages, and if we don't get 'em, you will. Come, 'ave with it, orl of it, and quick! I gets frightfully 'asty if I'm late fer business, and the fust race is in twenty minutes."

The pore Juggins shells out ninety-five o' the best notes and gold—is cheque-book weren't much use to 'im in a wood, where there ain't no ink—and Bill arskes 'im that's all.

"Yes!" 'e says, sobbin'.

They runs the rule over 'im jest ter see if 'e's tellin' 'em the strick truth, like, and Bill takes charge of 'is clock for addishnal secoority.

Then, 'avin' solemnly warned 'im ter keep 'is face shut, or they'll close 'is other eye, they starts for the ring. As they're a-walkin' along, Solly Isaacs, who's a-follerin' 'im, sings out:—
"I say, Bill, who'th a-goin' ter pay me for thothe 'I am," says Bill, rememberin'.
Now you couldn't 'ave taken Solly for anything but a Jew even if you'd caught 'im a-spending' 'is money in a sm-shop, but when Bill 'ad finished interviewin' 'im on the subject of 'is carelessness 'is nose might 'a belonged to a Christian, and was amazin'ly 'retroosay' at that!
"Ullo, 'ere's Waterloo!"

ELPHINSTONE THORP.

MISTAKES COMPETITION.

We rather pride ourselves upon the carefulness of our proof-reading and on the immunity of our columns from typographical blemishes. Nobody, however, is infallible, and accidents will happen even in the best regulated of journals. As a punishment for our sins we shall give 5s. each week to the reader who first points out a "literal" error in our literary columns, i.e., barring advertisements and competitions. All you have to do is to write down the number of the page, column and line in which the "literal" occurs (e.g., p. 31, col. 2, line 63), and sign your name and address and mark your postcard "literal." To give distant readers a fair chance all postcards will be put aside until Wednesday noon, and the first handled by the Editor will receive the 5s. Commas, semi-colons, etc., are debarred, as punctuation is largely a matter of individual taste. Current issue only, of course. If the paper contains no "literals" 10s. will be sent to the first reader (as above) acquainting us with that fact. Last week's prize goes to

Mr. E. W. BAKER,

57, Leith Mansions, Maida Vale, London, W.

A FABLE.

THE POET AND "AN ENLIGHTENED PUBLIC."

There was once a poet named Brown. Brown. Think of it. His parents were cruel . . . They also called him Septimus. Septimus Brown—Poet. He would have made an admirable coal-heaver, but, owing to a habit he acquired in his youth of gaping with his mouth open wide, his parents decided he was a Poet.

When Septimus discovered that his poems were usefully employed in wrapping up stray penn'orths of chipped potatoes, he woke up. "This will never do," he said.

He let his hair grow, so that even the little boys recognised that he was a poet. Owing to the foolhardiness of an Editor who has since died, he invested in a pair of sandals. Then he took to wearing a white toga which he explained to interviewers was more healthy than ordinary clothes . . .

"Mr. Le Brun's poems . . . possess a tenderness of insight which has not been equalled since the days of Keats."

"The 'Ode to an Evaporating Dew-drop' surpasses Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind' in its majesty. . . Mr. Le Brun's poems . . . great . . . magnificent . . . transcendent."

"Mr. Le Brun's new Book of Poems . . . now in its 26th Edition . . ."

To-day, when Septimus escapes the beauteous Society ladies who kiss his hand and crave a lock of his tawny hair, and reaches home, he takes off his wig and discloses a pate as devoid of hair as an egg. Then he murmurs sadly: "O, my country!"

Moral:—Don't be afraid of the limelight; it won't burn you. E. de B.

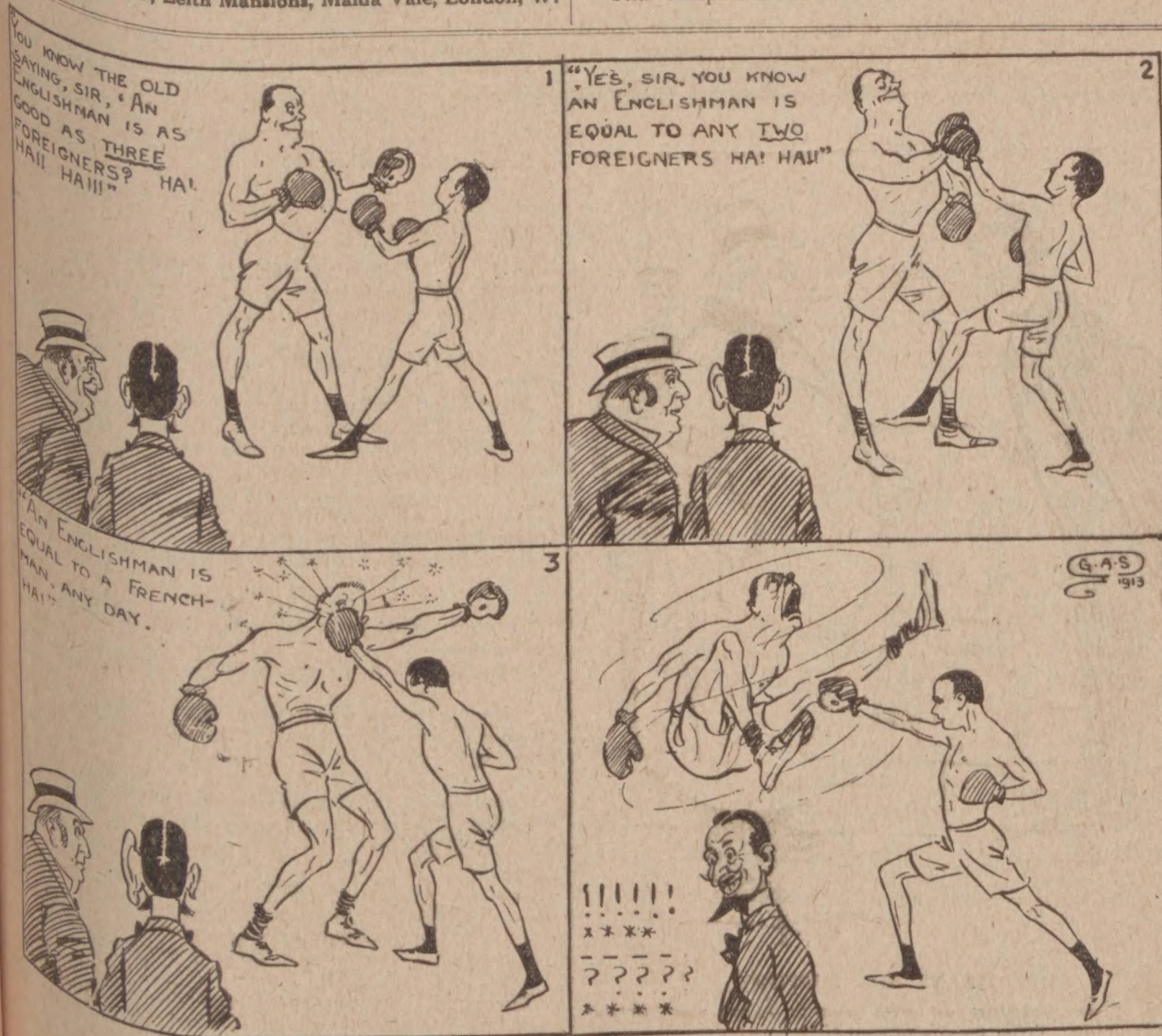
UNCONSCIOUS HUMOUR COMPETITION.

The prize for the best example of Unconscious Humour sent in is awarded to

Mr. ANDREW McKECHNIE,

18, Causeyside Street, Paisley.

This competition is discontinued.



REFLECTIONS ON A RECENT BIG BOXING MATCH.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

He: Dear, am I the only one you have sat with in this hammock?

She: Yes. This is a new hammock.

POINT OF VIEW.

"I see Bill has fitted his car with a new siren.

"Yes; good-looking, too."

Certain common informers have received information which makes them feel uncommonly foolish.

"Paris Still Nearer" shouts a newspaper headline. Not to the knuckle, we sincerely hope.

THE CURTAIN LECTURE.

She.—I wish you'd keep awake when I'm talking to you.

He: But, my dear, I've got to sleep some time!

The spotlight never yet made an actor.

There is plenty of room on the water waggon for all who care to ride.

Sympathy for another's woes seldom disturbs a night's rest.

AFTER THE QUARREL.

Wife: Come out from under that bed!

Husband: No, I refuse. We will see who is master here.

The train steamed into the station. An old lady called vociferously for a porter. One ran up to the carriage.

Old Lady: "Porter, somebody has stolen my bag."

Porter (turning away disgustedly): Then you have no need for a porter.



DURING THE QUARREL.

"Why, John, you told me before we were married that you were well off."

"I was, but I didn't know it."—Judge.

"Roman Well In The City" reads an *Evening News* headline. Our London climate cannot disagree with all foreigners, evidently.

AFTER THE OVERTURE.

When love's drama is about to commence in a parlour the first act usually consists of lowering the curtain.

The Suffragette floral fête is described by its promoters as "All in a garden fair." Other people will retain their own opinions.

THE HABIT.

Some men, in telling a fish story, will go to any length.

A bluff may pass for the goods for a time, but there is always the inventory.

THE MAKE-UP PIECES.

"Did you ever help put a puzzle together?"

"No; my wife always assembles herself alone."

Friend: You are wasting your time painting pictures, old chap.

Artist: But I sell my pictures.

Friend: That proves what I said. It shows that you could sell anything, so why not take up something there's business in?—*Boston Transcript*.

A DISTINCTION.

Maud: No man is indispensable.

Jean: But some man is.—*New York Sun*.

ONE HOME.

Teacher: What little boy can tell me where the home of the swallow is?

Small boy: Is it the stummick?—*Columbia Lister*.

"New-laid eggs, direct from vicarage fowls."—*Advt. Church Times*. How superior they must be to the ordinary "lay" egg.—*Punch*.

Tommy: Pa, what is the fourth dimension?

Father: The one that fits every fashion; your mother has it.—*New York Sun*.

A TOAST.

Here's to love and unity,

Dark corners and opportunity!

Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

The small boy, unexpectedly detained on an overnight visit, was indignant at being offered some of his cousin's garments. "I won't wear a girl's nightdress," he protested. "I'd sooner sleep raw."—*Manchester Guardian*.



HIS MEANS OF SUPPORT.

Cholly: "I say, Jobkins, you never seem to do any work or pay any debts. What do you live on?"

Jobkins: "Fat of the land, deah boy—fat of the land."

—*Sydney Bulletin*.

IF YOU WANT A BICYCLE FOR NOTHING. JOIN THE LEAGUE.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

Why the friendship of two Society ladies with certain professional airmen is causing so much unpleasant innuendo?

How much money the well known Academician has lost at the gambling rendezvous just off Grosvenor Square, and whether, financially, he is now about on his last legs?

Why has Mr. Lloyd George decided not to go to America in September for the projected "Whirlwind Campaign of Welsh Oratory"? Is his sole reason the published one that he "does not care to lend himself to an enterprise that savours of a showman's tour"? Or is there another one—and if so, can any of our readers guess it?

What does Mr. Harry Lauder think of his compatriot Mr. Barrie's rise to the Baronetage? And is there any truth in the rumour that in consequence he anticipates a Peerage in the next Honours List?

Would not the S.E. and C.R. do well to take a leaf out of the book of the L.B. and S.C., who are "speeding up" the journey between London and Paris, so as to reduce the time involved by approximately one hour?

Has Bombardier Wells realised by now that he has a woefully weak spot in his armour? Also that when he is training for a fight with a man like Carpentier it is worth while to train seriously? And, lastly, that pleasure is not usually a part of a successful boxer's training curriculum?

Why had the two shining feminine stars of musical comedy, occupying separate boxes at the Tivoli some nights ago, exchanged husbands for the time being? Did each know that the other was going to be there? And did the hubbies feel quite comfortable?

How did Mr. Evelyn Crowe enjoy his "Turkey Trot" with a well-known light comedian in a West Kensington flat last Sunday night? And will he feel inclined to call the latter's best girl "chummie" and "darling" any more?

Why were the Balkan delegates so "pleased" with Sir Edward Grey? Are they not rather accomplished actors? And is Sir Edward really quite as "pleased" with them?

And is the Balkan problem really settled yet?

How will the King treat the Gaekwar of Baroda, when he comes to London? And would it not be a good idea to present that dignitary with a volume on Deportment for perusal before appearing at Court, if indeed he should be invited to do so?

Why is the Peer's cousin not driving any coaches this year as formerly? And is he quite as popular with the firm of horse-clothing manufacturers as he used to be? And is there any truth in the story about him and the barrister's new suit of clothes?

Why is Mr. George R. Sims so "down" on ragtime? And ought he not rather to welcome it, inasmuch as the craze for it may be presumed to have a more or less injurious effect on the nation's hair?

Will the *litterateur* who haunts the Haymarket borrow as many sovereigns as formerly from chance acquaintances? And what did he do with the Coronation medal which a long-suffering victim gave him recently in desperation, on being "touched for the *n*th time?"

Whether the popular Duke's elder son has forgotten his "dusky" lady, and whether it is a fact that her picture is the cause of continuous sighs from his charming wife. Whether the beautiful Duchess does not often shake her head despairingly and prophesy trouble for the future. Whether the "dusky" beauty is not undoubtedly most alluring, and whether the young nobleman's frequent visits abroad are not made in order "to get away from the whole damn lot." Terrible state of things, but now-a-days since parents allow themselves to be "brought up" by their children they mostly deserve all they get for their docility.

What a terrible deformity is swollen head! "Come and have a drink, old fellow," said a successful young actor at Epsom as he led the way towards a carriage owned by a *nouveau riche*; adding:—"They are awful outsiders, but their booze is all right!" It would have been interesting to hear his host's opinion of him had he been fortunate enough to have heard the remark. Who on earth could the people be who were greater outsiders than himself?

Who is the journalist who is being so eagerly sought for by the authorities on suspicion of having taken part in the management of the *Suffragette*. Is it not a fact that more than one London editor is aware of his whereabouts? And is it not a credit to the etiquette of the Fourth Estate that they will not give him away?

That the feelings of the handsome major's elderly wife were much disturbed on noticing a gold hand dangling from her greatest friend's bracelet, and that her remark, "Why, Herbert has one exactly like it!" was a splendid bull's eye. That it might disturb his placid lady's most sacred feelings still further if she knew that the "hands" were twins "cast" to the major's order.

The braininess of some of our aristocracy is really tremendous. Last week one of our young and most popular peers was searching for a furnished house for the season. His agents were in despair. Ceaselessly had they worked, but in vain. They could not find what their client wanted. At last, however, a chance offered itself, and they at once informed his lordship that they had the letting of a really fine house in Bayswater to which was attached a fine lawn tennis ground. His lordship's reply was quick and to the point. "I have told you I desire to live in London. I loathe the country and require neither a tennis lawn nor grouse shooting."

We never could make out why the real pit-ite and his clan were so opposed to early doors, reserved seats, etc., and we are glad to have been enlightened. "Lor bless you," said one of them the other day, "that half hour in the crowd before the doors open is every bit as fine as the dark corners in the Cinema shows. Those chaps as can't afford a Sunday out does hugging enough to last 'em the whole week through." Marvellously adaptive creature man!



The Colonel: "And how did you enjoy yourself, Mrs. Thirdhusband?"

Mrs. Thirdhusband: "Oh! splendidly, Colonel. It was really the most enjoyable honeymoon ever I spent!"

OR WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

How much longer the ridiculous farce of arresting and releasing Mrs. Pankhurst is to be allowed to go on?

How the guests of Mr. Charlemagne Tower, Philadelphia, enjoyed having a merry dinner party suddenly interrupted by an official command for instantaneous vaccination on account of the butler having to be discovered to be suffering from smallpox?



A QUIET HALF HOUR.

How the well-known stockbroker liked the ovation with which his new Trilby hat was received on the Stock Exchange?

Whether the cinema Johnny in search of a realistic "Heat" film for the "Weekly Gazette" was satisfied with the mimic performance of the Members who "obliged" by mopping their manly brows in assumption of extreme heat?

Whether the tea-shop boom in the City is still going on? Whether a number of the younger and more enterprising Members of the Exchange are not finding themselves considerably out of pocket on account of the insidious effects of those snug little bowers?

What the prominent banking manager thought, when, after recognising the face of a charming lady equestrian in the Row, and raising his hat most ceremoniously, he had it pointed out to him that she was the proprietor of the particular "cosy corner" tea-room which he occasionally frequented?

And whether it is not a pity that clothes so often play tricks with one's memory?

Whether the waiter at the Trocadero thought of the magnificent tuppence handed him by the famous Scotch nobleman after a particularly sumptuous lunch?

And whether it is a fact that the star in question is saving up to retire into his beloved Highlands and pose as a laird?

Whether the titled lady who tried on hats in every modiste's in Knightsbridge, and then excused herself on the plea that she would "call in again later," was really only picking up wrinkles for the little *chapeau* business which she is shortly to open in the neighbourhood of Bond Street, and which will probably run under the *cachet* of Madame M.?

Whether it is a fact that certain Cabinet Ministers have given orders for the destruction of all lady-rabbits on their respective properties, since they have no further use for the little coney. Whew!



"Don't you find life in the chorus rather wearing?"
"I don't think you'd say that if you saw me."



The one with the white hat : "He's locked up."

The other one : "Well, let's bail him out."

Whether the latest "outside corset" will take the place of the inside one, or be merely a "waste"-coat?

He was a pupil of Whistler's. He had a studio in Kensington and had invited a few friends to view his impressionist picture drawn for the Academy. She looked long and earnestly. "Well, do you like it?" he ventured to inquire. She paused a moment longer. "I hardly like to pass my opinion yet," she replied. "You must ask me when it's *really* finished."

A well-known married couple living in the North of England, on celebrating their golden wedding, were presented with an easy chair. Surely an injudicious gift, seeing that if it is a comfortable one the autumn of their married life will be embittered by altercations as to which shall sit in it.

Picking up an old and very popular novel the other day, it was almost illuminating to note a few of the anatomical localities mentioned within its closely written pages:—"He kissed her upon her departure." "She upbraided him on his return." "They seated themselves upon his entering." "She stood on his appearance," and "He sat upon her invitation."

"And did you enjoy yourself?" asked a great actress attached to the Adelphi chorus who had not been to the Derby. "Oh, gorgeously," replied her sister in art. "We had a ripping time. There were three of us and we took down a dozen of champagne." "And how much did you bring back?" "Eight bottles." "Oh," replied the lady at Daly's. "Then you don't seem to have had such a *very* ripping day after all. I'm glad I stayed in Town!"

Italians appear to possess singular aptitude for foreign tongues. The other day, at a rehearsal of an opera ballet, one fair Italian figurante addressed a companion in the following sweet southern metaphor:—"Come, now, don't you go a-shoving me abaht. I knows my business without none o' your imperance." Really, but for the advertisement bills it might have been thought that Billingsgate and not Verona was her birthplace.

TABLOID TOPICS.

A great-grandmother in Pennsylvania has just married a friend of her youth. We cannot approve of these hasty marriages.

Mr. "Jimmy" Welch is to preach at All Saints, Battersea, on the Stevensonian text, "Give us to labour smilingly." Oh, I say!

"Airship Building on Walney Island" runs a newspaper heading. We knew it would come to this if the skyscraper mania was not checked.

Two hundred and fifty teachers in Carmarthenshire threaten to strike. We thought corporal punishment was not permitted among the Celtic fringe.

Two nails were found in the heart of a Surrey cow. What a romance in animal life this discloses. Clearly the poor thing had tried to patch up a broken heart.

Mr. Roosevelt has been cleared of the charge of excessive drinking. The accusation was absurd on the face of it. No one can talk and drink simultaneously.

The Chinese loan of £52,000,000 was greatly over-subscribed. There is not much fear of China being broke, so long as she can pick up the pieces so readily.

A monkey which figures in "Yours" at the Vaudeville Theatre is proving a great attraction for the nuts, although according to the critics the play is rather a scratch one.

British supremacy again! In these happy Isles more cheese is eaten than in all the other European countries put together. Who shall say we are not a mite-y nation?

"Press a button and you'll bring a policeman" is the suggestion of the Wembley ratepayers who complain of inadequate protection. A better remedy is to keep a good cook, and then the policeman will do the button pressing for you.

The conclusion of peace between Turkey and the Allies is apparently to be celebrated by the breaking of it amongst the Allies themselves. Nice place, the Balkans, for a rest cure!

"In the drama," says Mr. G. R. Sims, "we seem to hover between dukes and duchesses, and dairymaids and dustmen." At any rate it is an in-D-pendent state of existence.

Ernest Darling, of America, is looking for a wife who will drink nothing but water, eat no flesh, and wear skimpy clothes. It will be a long time before a mate addresses him as "Ernest, Darling."

"Beware of slim men, for they are cranks ninety-nine times out of a hundred," declared a Boston lady who was sued for divorce. And even the hundredth will go "on the bend" occasionally.

Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch says that a good ear is necessary for a man to write melodious English. Perhaps that accounts for the habit among minor poets of wearing the hair long enough to cover their hearing apparatus.

"Why," asks a correspondent, "does the opening meet of the Coaching Club always take place near the Powder Magazine?" For the convenience of the ladies, of course. Would you have the dear things look hot and shiny?

A 17th Century Garden, with sun-dials, yew-hedges, rose-covered pergolas, and other trimmings, is the setting for the Suffragette Summer Fair, now open at Kensington. On this occasion there will be no attempt to turn the place into a bear-garden.

"Is the Theatre amusing?" is a question asked by the *Observer*. What a lot some people do expect for their money. Already for half-a-guinea you can get a cramped chair, a draught in the small of your back, and two hours of the actor-manager making love to his leading lady in his best picture-postcard style. It's unreasonable to demand fun as well.

A CATCHING COMPLAINT

"It isn't viciousness," groaned Mr. Deerlove, of his buttered toast; "it's a disease."

"Then you've got a shockingly bad attack," said his wife with scornful indignation. And she resumed, over the breakfast table, her denunciation of well-known characters, commencing with Tarquin and ending with the Prince Regent, who had suffered from somewhat the same form of complaint as Mr. Deerlove.

"Disease indeed! Caught kissing the cook at two in the morning!" continued his furious spouse, bringing her own historical review of profligacy completely up-to-date. "Intoxicated to use his latchkey! And under the very influence of his lawfully wedded wife, who was looking over her banisters, engaged in familiarities with the domestic staff, let him in!"

"I have already explained," observed her husband, impatiently, "that my mind was unbalanced at the time. I was very foolish of me to offer myself as a subject of the various reading experiments at the Barbarian Club. How could I know that some unscrupulous rake would suggest kissing my telepathically receptive mind?"

"If I had come to the door, would you have kissed me?" Mrs. Deerlove burst into tears. "Of course I should," continued her penitent partner. "I rather think I mistook her for my wife. His wife sobbed the more. "However, I feel quite better again this morning, dear."

Mrs. Deerlove dried her eyes and announced her intention of accompanying her husband to business lest he should relapse; in which case, she said, she would be there to give him first-aid.

They had walked some way in silence when she suddenly turned to him and exclaimed, "Oh, Reginald, I feel your illness isn't catching! I feel so funny when I'm near a man."

"Don't be idiotic," replied her husband, testily. "I'm no believer in the sauce-for-the-gander theory."

"But couldn't my mind be telepathically receptive?" persisted Mrs. Deerlove. "Just look at that lovely man who persisted in kissing me. She pointed to a rather oily-looking Italian with an ice-cream barrow by the kerb. "Oh, I must give him a kiss."

"Here! Come away at once! What are you thinking of!" blurted out her scandalised husband as he seized her arm and led her past the susceptible Italian, who was once more returning the admiring gaze of Mrs. Deerlove.

"You have no occasion to be cross," sadly replied her husband. "I'm quite as much to be pitied as you. I was passing policeman, whom she had cheered with a good glance, obviously regarded her as an object for the tenderest sympathy."

As they passed along the street the flattered smirks on the faces of the men they met showed that Mrs. Deerlove was a pretty little woman, was still suffering acutely.

"This is awful!" murmured her now perspiring husband, keeping a tight hold of her arm.

A selection of the less frequented streets took them through Bedford Row, and the name on a doorpost of "Old Byles and Bleedham"—who were his solicitors—suggested a glimmer of hope to the desperate Deerlove. Old Byles, a man of wide experience, thought he, and could probably cure Mrs. D.

"I trust I see you well," said Mr. Byles, with a certain dignity as they were ushered in.

"Oh you dear old duck!" chirruped Mrs. Deerlove, who followed this up by throwing her arms round the lawyer's neck and kissing him on the cheek. "I feel better now," said she to her husband. "Like you, I had to work it off on someone. And we don't keep a butler!"

When the astonished attorney had heard their explanations—from which he acquired more faith in the lady's acumen than in the genuineness of her attack—a truce of peace was drawn up. They were both, sagely observed Byles (for six-and-eight-pence), suffering from some nervous disorder arising from over-strain. Mr. Deerlove, to avoid the late hours of the Bohemian night club, was to take Mrs. D. to Monte Carlo for a month to cure her. Lastly—Mrs. Deerlove had some difficulty in persuading her husband on this clause—as simple food was not sufficient for reasons of health, to a French cuisine, a good plain domestic.

CECIL HART



He : " Can you swim ? "

She : " Oh, yes !—but I don't mind being taught,

Get the blunt man to come right to the point.

A pretty girl knows enough palmistry to hold hands.

Men frequently see visions—of the blonde or brunette type.

Money a man has saved represents the good times he didn't have.

When gossip travels it always throws on the high speed lever.

When you get busy facts become ashamed of them.

Don't judge the quality of the dinner by the tone of

The less logic there is in a man's argument the louder he talks.

Some stories are hard to believe—unless you want to believe them.

Every time a small man is called upon to lay a corner stone he cackles.

Shortly after marriage many a man has discovered what real happiness was.

The man who is handy around the house usually isn't much good anywhere else.

Before the average man reaches the age of twenty-five he has either made a fool of himself or has employed some woman to do it for him.

IN STAGELAND.

I am able to quash the ridiculous rumour, promulgated by a well-known actor-manager, that we were to lose charming little Renee Mayer for some months in order that she might play "Hop o' My Thumb" in America. Mrs. Mayer, however, informs me that no truth whatever attaches to the notion. Little Renee is much too good for our nasal cousins. Let them retain the gliding Gaby!

Three weeks ago I told you that Mr. Gibbons may shortly be re-entering the Variety arena. A fortnight ago I spoke of the Tivoli re-building. *London Mail* informs us of the first event last week, the *Referee* of the second on Sunday. I expect we shall get a cheque during the week for information supplied—perhaps.

The loveliest weather and the loveliest gowns on the most superlative of women and girls; everything *couleur de rose*. That's what you missed if you didn't go to the Theatrical Garden Party on Tuesday last. Meanwhile those of us who worked for the show gave a new and special significance to the Royal motto, in view of the heat—"Honi soit qui mal y pense" (Honest sweat brings many pence. You needn't believe any other version).

I have to thank, very sincerely indeed, Mesdames Melba, Pavlova, Kyasht, Julia Neilson; Messrs. Martin Harvey, Seymour Hicks and the many other distinguished ladies and gentlemen who so kindly sent me autographed photographs to help swell our funds at this our Garden Party—the most desirable social function of the year.

The London music-hall galleries, with a few notable exceptions, have, or are about to, put into force a new rate of admission to their galleries—3d. instead of 2d. now being the charge, of which no reasonable person can possibly complain.

Sir Herbert Tree informs us that as each performance of "Ariadne auf Naxos" costs £800 neither he nor Mr.

Beecham are at all likely to make a fortune out of it in the elevated prices in operation. I am very glad Majesty's is very full for each performance, but I am conservative indeed in this question of seat values.

Sir John Hare, who gave the last of his farewell performances many months ago now, is to appear with Mrs. Campbell in "The Legend of Leonora" at the Duke of York's Theatre, about September.

This play is of guaranteed quality, as modest Sir John Barrie, in marked divergence from the luxurious but vicarious methods of Bernard Shaw, never seems to make even the error of judgment in the tone and taste of his work. The victory of the clean. The almost imperceptible process of weaning the amusement world from the vulgar, approaching a happily more rapid and straighter course. Let as many of us as possible appreciate this and find comfort for increased indebtedness to His Majesty for giving the aristocracy positively thirsting for intellect and refinement, two such valuable units of modern literature as Barrie and Sir J. Forbes Robertson.

May we beg of Miss Lena Ashwell to dissociate herself from that female band known as the Actresses' Franchise League. Most of them are styled actresses only by reason of the courtesy of the majority; many of them are entirely footed people, and all of them, par inference, are of criminal associations. So why, dear Miss Ashwell, are you and a few other really charming ladies risking the loss of your great public's regard by refusing to cold-shoulder Mrs. Pankhurst and other convicts and ex-convicts?

Mr. Gerald Du Maurier will shortly make his bow before the cinematograph camera. The class of play he will appear in has not yet been announced.

Professor C. E. Jenkins, of America, has just announced a most remarkable invention, which should revolutionise the cinema industry. He claims it is possible to reproduce scenes enacted in one city upon a screen in the theatres of other cities, through telegraphic connection.

W. R. C. F.

AT THE COLISEUM.





EMPERESS MARIE LOUISE.



Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

NO. 6 (NEW SERIES):

ROMANTIC NUPTIALS OF THE EMPRESS MARIE
LOUISE AND NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

The echoes of wedding bells still ringing throughout over the marriage of the Kaiser's daughter with a son of Austria, one is irresistibly reminded of the most romantic marriage that ever was solemnised. The "great parties" were the victor of Austerlitz, Napoleon the Great, and Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria, and daughter of the Emperor Francis II. In order that his immense European empire might be consolidated by the birth of a son of the Blood Royal, Napoleon had divorced the faithful, though loved, Empress Josephine, whom he really loved, and had entered into a marriage with the Austrian archduchess. Napoleon had in this marriage the crowning glory of his wonderful life. He had in the birth of the desired son, the unfortunate King of Rome, who died so pathetically twenty-one years later of a fever brought on by his misfortunes.

As over forty at the time of his marriage, and the bride was first married by the Emperor of Vienna amidst scenes of great rejoicing. The marriage took place in Paris, and was marked at the time by circumstances of importance which have made it famous. A dozen Kings and Queens were present, and the fêtes which accompanied the auspicious occasion were so splendid that no description of them is here possible. Until her arrival in France Napoleon had never seen his bride, and the marriage was a tremendous "lottery" from the Emperor's point of view. But, strange to say, it promised exceedingly well at the time. Napoleon no sooner set eyes upon the pretty Archduchess than he fell violently in love with her.

Napoleon's Impatience at the Waiting for His Bride.

The occasion of this first meeting was very romantic. The journey of the new Empress of the French from Vienna to Paris was a long one, and was conducted at every step with great pomp. Tremendous preparations had been made for the actual meeting, which was to take place at Compiègne. The day before the marriage Napoleon was walking up and down in the park of St. Cloud, and was so impatient of the waiting, which seemed interminable. Suddenly a courier appeared with a letter from the young Empress, announcing that she was leaving Vitry le François that morning for Soissons. On hearing that his young bride was so near him, Napoleon could no longer restrain his impatience. He suddenly resolved to put aside the etiquette so usual with him, and to go at once to meet Marie Louise. He summoned Murat, the only companion he wished to have upon the journey, and, secretly leaving the palace by a private door, he, with his brother-in-law, got into a carriage without any armorial bearings, driven by a valet, and went off in livery. The carriage took the road to Soissons, and the horses went at full speed.

You Are Much Better than Your Portrait!

Never had time seemed so long to the impatient Emperor. A feeling of curiosity and love, made his heart beat like a drum. When he had passed Soissons he calculated that Marie Louise could not be much farther on, and he got out at a village called Courcelles. On her side, the young Empress, having no idea of what was going on, had been since morning. She had passed Chalons and intended dining at Soissons, where she imagined she was to take place on the following day in the pavilion which was the last relay before Soissons. It was raining in the night when Napoleon arrived there, and, getting out of the carriage with his brother-in-law Murat, he took shelter under

the porch of the church, facing a posting inn. Nobody could have suspected that the unknown pair whom the church porch was sheltering from the rain were the great Emperor and the King of Naples.

The carriage stopped. The horses were being taken out. Napoleon rushed to the door. He would fain have remained unnoticed a few moments longer. But the equerry d'Audenarde, who could scarcely believe his eyes, at this juncture called out, "The Emperor!" The happy husband threw himself into the arms of his young wife, who was overcome with emotion and surprise. Napoleon was enchanted with her at first sight. This superb child, all radiant with freshness and youth, with strength and health, with her pretty fair hair and blue eyes, her innocence and candour—she was the companion whom he needed. She was the Empress of his dreams. And how the first words she spoke to him flattered him, touched him, and went direct to his heart! After having looked at him a long time, she said, in a timid, sweet voice, "You are much better than your portrait!"

Marie Louise at Her Meeting with Napoleon.

From that moment the formal meeting at Soissons, which was to be very splendid, was abandoned, and Napoleon and his beautiful bride hurried along the road to Compiègne. The town of Soissons, which had made so many preparations, had only the pleasure of paying for them. Napoleon and Marie Louise arrived eventually at Compiègne, and according to the ceremonial laid down, it had been arranged that the Imperial pair should spend their first night apart. The Empress was to sleep in her own rooms, and the Emperor in the Chancellery. But in his buoyant ardour, Napoleon threw etiquette to the winds. The impatience of the Conqueror of Europe made light of it, and he acted as Henry IV. did in the case of Marie de Medicis. And, indeed, does not the portrait of Marie Louise, sketched by the Baron de Meneval, explain this impatience on the part of her husband. "Marie Louise," says the Emperor's secretary, "was in all the brilliancy of youth; her figure was regular to perfection; the bodice of her dress was longer than was then worn; and this added to her natural dignity, and contrasted with the ungraceful shortness of the waists of our ladies; her complexion was heightened by her journey and her timidity; her bright, chestnut hair, luxuriant and fine, surmounted a fresh, plump face, over which her sweet eyes spread a charming expression; her lips, rather full, recalled the type of the reigning family of Austria; just as a slight roundness of the nose distinguished the Princes of the House of Bourbon; her whole person was redolent of candour and innocence, and an embonpoint which she did not retain after her confinement bespoke her good health!"

The following morning, while Napoleon's valet Constant was dressing the Emperor, an unmarried equerry came into the room. Napoleon caught hold of the equerry's ear, and whispered, "My dear fellow, marry a German! They are the best women in the world; sweet, good, innocent, and fresh as roses!" Napoleon had found satisfaction at last!

When "The Marvellous" Happened.

The glorious days that succeeded cannot here be described. Fêtes on a scale of splendour never before or since attempted were the daily routine.

Never were the results of a marriage watched with such world-wide interest. The spectacle of the still youthful, though war-worn, world-conqueror divorcing the woman with whom he had been hopelessly in love, in order that he might wed the innocent eighteen-year-old daughter of the German Cæsars, was a spectacle which excited curiosity such as no other marriage has ever evoked. The recent union of the Kaiser's daughter

and her Cumberland prince is flat by comparison with the significance of the union of Napoleon and the Austrian Archduchess. The world, of course, could not possibly conceive of the marriage proving a success. Before the days when Napoleon ever dreamed of being the husband of an Archduchess of Hapsburg, he had completely conquered the Emperor Francis in war, and brought all Austria to the dust. Nowhere in Europe was the name of Napoleon so bitterly hated as in Vienna. When Austerlitz was won by the French troops, if anyone had told Napoleon that he would one day be the son-in-law of the Emperor Francis, he would have felt insulted at so impossible a suggestion. Thus before all Europe, the marvellous had happened.

"A Devilish Corsican!"

Even then, when it came to be believed that Napoleon was indeed the son-in-law of Francis II. of Austria, the world could not imagine happiness following so unequal a yoke. Marie Louise had been reared to hate the very name of Napoleon. All her relations had suffered at his hands. Marie Louise was, too, the granddaughter of Marie Caroline, whose sister Marie Antionnetto was so cruelly sacrificed during the Napoleonic Revolution. When they told Marie Louise that she was to marry Napoleon the poor child thought they were joking with her. Marry the man who had brought nothing but sorrow and humiliation to her father and his whole family! It was too preposterous. When she was yet a child Napoleon had appeared to her on a distant horizon as a fatal being, an evil spirit, a devilish Corsican, a species of Antichrist! No wonder that the suggestion that she should marry Napoleon filled her with horror, surprise, fright, and revulsion! And no wonder that the whole world stood aghast at the spectacle of such a union!

"I am as Happy as Possible!"

Imagine, then, the world's surprise when every prognostication of evil was completely falsified. Never were the prophets so utterly dumbfounded. From the moment that Napoleon burst upon his girl-bride in her carriage at Soissons to the hour when he passed out of her life for ever after the terrible and ill-fated Russian campaign three years later, no cloud ever crossed the sun of their love. The day after the marriage, the new Empress wrote to her father in Vienna telling him of the delicacy with which Napoleon had spared her the awkwardness of that first meeting, which the Empress had so dreaded. Then she proceeded:

"From that moment I have been almost intimate with him: he loves me profoundly, and I return his affection. I am sure I shall live happily with him. My health is always good. I have quite got over the fatigue of the journey. I assure you, my dear father, that the Emperor is as careful of my health as you are. As I have a slight cold he will not let me get up till two o'clock." Five days later Marie Louise wrote again: "I can tell you, my dear father, that your prophecy has come true. I am as happy as possible!" More than that no woman could say. And it was true. And when, ten months later, Marie Louise presented Napoleon with the child who was born King of Rome, but who was destined to die so miserably as a simple German duke, whose very name of Napoleon was not allowed him, the world rejoiced with Napoleon and his Austrian bride.

A Dangerous Accouchement.

With the approach of the *accouchement* Marie Louise wrote to her father: "I assure you, dear Papa, that the Emperor has been much calumniated. The more intimately one sees him, the more one appreciates him and loves him!" (Marie Louise has, too, been calumniated, as few women ever were, though she deserved little of it.) On the 22nd of November, 1810, the Empress wrote, "This letter, dear Papa, is to tell you of my pregnancy. I take this opportunity of asking your blessing upon me, and upon your little grandson or granddaughter." For months Marie Louise kept the gossips ever busy with the question of whether she was really in an interesting condition, just as, a hundred years later, the young Queen of Holland did. But at nine o'clock on the evening of March 19, 1811, Marie Louise felt the first pains of childbirth. The great bell of Notre Dame and the bells of all the churches rang to summon the faithful, who prayed all night, invoking the blessing of God on the Sovereign and the child about to see the light. The pangs, which had been weak throughout the night, disappeared altogether at five o'clock in the morning, and Dr. Dubois came to the conclusion that the confinement of the Empress was not immediately at hand. Then the Emperor dismissed the Princesses, and, wearied by emotion and watching, he went and had a bath. The Empress slept for nearly an hour. Suddenly she was seized with violent pains in quick succession. Dr. Dubois went hurriedly in search of Napoleon. He was trembling in every limb, because he had just perceived that the delivery would be very difficult, on account of the child being sideways.

"Save the Mother!"

Suddenly opening the door of the Emperor's room, where he was having a bath, he told Napoleon frankly that the pre-

liminaries were not satisfactory, and that he, was, if he would be unable to save both mother and child. "Come, save the mother," replied Napoleon. "do not lose your head, M. Dubois, save the mother, only think of the mother. Imagine that you are saving the wife of a shopkeeper in the Rue St. Denis! You can do more than you can, and in any case, I repeat, save the mother first. I will follow you!" At last, at twenty past nine in the morning, the child was born, but it was believed to be dead, as for the first seven minutes it gave no sign of life. The Emperor, who had hastened to the birth of Marie Louise, kissed her affectionately. The mother engrossed his attention. He dared not look in the direction of the child. He had made up his mind to utter no word so long as the Empress was saved. But, oh, happiness! the protection of Providence! A few drops of brandy were put in the mouth of the young Prince, he was lightly patted on the palm of the hand all over the body, he was covered with warm napkins; he lived, he uttered a cry! Napoleon, full of joy, kissed the new-born infant. The thought that he had transported him. Never had any of his triumphs so delighted him. "Well, gentlemen," he said, as he went back to his room, "we have a fine, vigorous boy! He required some nursing for before he came, but at last he is here." And then, profound tenderness, he added, "My dear wife, how courageous she was! And how she suffered! I would rather have no children than see her suffer so again!" A hundred and fifty guns announced to the waiting multitudes the birth of the King of Rome, and Paris gave itself up to transports of delight.

Next Week:

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN AND THE
"NIGHTINGALE OF BATH."



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I.C.S. Students say "I can succeed." They do succeed. Why do they force themselves along to Secure Position and Better Pay? Because they have the grit, the pluck, the perseverance to make themselves capable men; they fit themselves for success; they train for success with the I.C.S.

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MODERN SPORT FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The Merrie Month of May has left us, but only one batsman, who was able to score as many as five hundred runs before he was out. One wonders what a record there would have been had the beautiful cricket weather which has accompanied the month been present.

Individual efforts were a hundred on during the season and five of them were up on the score. Perhaps the markable batsman of the week was Billy Quater, who scored the century in the match against Surrey. He was a batsman in the West Indies, and was born in St. Paul's, Day forty years ago. He was a cricketer in the West Indies, and was born in St. Paul's, Day forty years ago. He was a cricketer in the West Indies, and was born in St. Paul's, Day forty years ago.



He scored a century in the same match, as he did against Surrey. A little man has wintered in South Africa, and evidently the association with Kimberley diamonds has infused lustre into his cricket, for his displays at the Oval were of a very high order. It is coincident, when one considers that the temperature was pretty high during the week, that nine of the seventeen centuries were made by men who have had something to do with cricket abroad, and two of the scorers—S. G. Smith and P. F. Warner—were born in the West Indies. Warner, who only a few months ago had made up his mind that his cricket days were over, is doing well for his county. "Plum" has a loving attachment to Lord's, in very much the same way that Bobby Abel had for the Oval, and as long as there is a Lord's, Warner is likely to be there. The pity of it has been that Warner has not been the terror abroad or at home in Test matches, and one will never forget that in the ten Test innings in South Africa in 1905-1906 he totalled only 70 runs.

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such a capable lot of Freshers, and some very useful Seniors, however, some of the Old Blues will have a stiff bit of work to play this year. The Oxford captain, I. P. F. Campbell, who would have captained the Oxford Soccer team but for an accident keeping him out of the match against Cambridge, has not as many Old Blues to draw from, but the eligibles number many. Basil Melle, of Capetown, would have been one of the first choices to play for the Western Province against the last English team to tour South Africa but for the University examinations taking place at the same time, and he is sure to be considered for a Blue. There is another Colonial in E. F. Herring, who, with his veteran uncle, M. Herring, put on 140 runs for the third wicket against the last English team to tour Australia, when playing for Ballarat and District. E. F. Herring is a Rhodes scholar. In A. C. Wilkinson there is another Australian, but he hails from Eton. His father is the celebrated Dr. Wilkinson, the great tuberculosis specialist, and with Havelock-Davies, Peat and Naumann, there are some excellent bowlers. It seems that both Varsity captains will regret that they can give only eleven Blues.

THE RUGBY FOOTBALL UNION.

Football matters have been occupying the attention of enthusiasts of late, and May Meetings have been quite the thing. The game that has forged ahead by leaps and bounds is Rugby Football, and last season will stand out as unique in the history of the game. The finances for the year were dealt with at the annual general meeting and the huge sum of £7,045 appeared as the match account profit. The South African match against England at Twickenham gave the Union a profit of £3,313, and the sum of £3,126 was gained over the International match between England and Scotland. The only other International played in England was with France. It would have been interesting had the Rugby Union dealt with the whole of the finances of the South African Rugby tour, but, of course, each game was financed by the home side, and as the Springboks were reimbursed for their expenses and took no part in any balance, the tour must have been the means of over £10,000 being divided amongst their opponents. On the occasion of the first South African tour, the Colonials took full responsibility and also the balance, which amounted to something like £6,000. That sum went partly in charitable movements and partly in fostering the game in South Africa, and it is pleasing to note that the Rugby Union ventilated the idea of helping necessitous clubs and counties. There are several grounds which could easily do with a little money spent on them in the matter of accommodation, and it must also be borne in mind that the Rugby Union draw many hundreds of spectators from club grounds when "big" matches are played at Twickenham. Last season's trials, internationals, and the South African matches lost the London clubs some six or seven Saturdays. Mr. Cail, the treasurer of the Rugby Union, has occupied the position ever since 1894, and he says that he is handling twelve and thirteen times as much money now as then. The Rugby Union is worth over £30,000 to-day, and with the game going ahead as it is, one wonders what the assets will be worth before many more years.



UNIVERSITY COMPETITIONS.

So far this term there have been two inter-Varsity competitions, viz., the fencing and the military tournament, and both events went to the Oxonians, the fencing by eight events to five, and the military tournament by three to two. In the most recent competition, the Varsity men distinguished themselves admirably, and the work at Olympia, judged from the standard set by the regular forces, was considered in every way favourable. In the tug-of-war event the Oxford team was much the heavier, and although the first pull was prolonged, it was scarcely thought that the Cantabs had a chance of winning. In the tent pegging the feat of Second-Lieutenant E. C. B. Dale in scoring seventeen out of a possible twenty points was a most

notable achievement. Next week, the sailing match between Oxford and Cambridge will take place at Oxford, the event being contested for the first time last year. Last year Cambridge enjoyed the advantage of using their own dinghies, and naturally, with Oxford having that pull this year, Oxford should win. Cambridge won by two matches to one a year ago, and then Cambridge also won the military tournament event.

THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

The amateur golf championship was fought out between Robert Harris and Harold H. Hilton. Harris was born in Dundee



MISS
GLADYS
RAVENS-CROFT
THE
FAVOURITE IN
THE LADIES
GOLF

in 1882, and educated at the Harris Academy in that town. At Carnoustie, where he learned the game, he is a plus 2 player, while at Acton, where he now resides, in London, he is plus 4. He won the "Dundee Telegraph" Cup in 1902, the Northern Championship in 1904, was runner-up in the same year for the "Glasgow Evening News" trophy, was bronze medalist in 1907, and won the St. George's Vase in 1905, and the "Golf Illustrated" Gift Vase in 1911 and 1912. He has also represented Scotland against England upon four occasions—in 1905, 1908, 1911, and 1912. Robert Harris is a member of the London Stock Exchange.

Hilton and John Ball, who was so unfortunate in this year's championship, are the two greatest amateur golfers the game has ever known or is likely to know. Hilton was born at West Kirby, Cheshire, in 1869, and was educated at Norfolk County School. He is a member of the Royal Liverpool,

Fernby, Ashford Manor, and Royal North Devon Golf Club. In addition to the honours achieved in the Amateur Golf Championship, he was open golf champion in 1892 and 1897, and the Irish open champion in 1897, 1900, 1901, and 1902. In 1893 and 1894 he carried off the St. George's Vase, and in 1893, 1897, 1901, and 1907. Indeed, Hilton has won innumerable titles all over the country. He has played for England and Scotland every year since 1902, except in 1908, and was champion of America in 1911. Hilton is editor of the "Monthly," and is a tremendous writer on the game. It is seven years since the final has been an interesting one, the last occasion being at Hoylake, when James Robertson defeated C. C. Lingen. It is the first time that Harris has won, although when the contest was last played at St. Andrews, Harris was in the semi-final. Harris did not have so hard a time as Hilton, for the scratching of Scott and the assistance of Lockhart simplified his path.

If only honest men took a hand in the political game would be something like solitaire.

Talk isn't as cheap as it used to be before the telephone conversation was invented.

Every man has two kinds of friends—those he likes and those who need him.

Good luck is like a lot of other things. You never appreciate it until you haven't it.

We are often asked by correspondents of diminishing stature if it is really true that their height can be increased by scientific and judiciously applied physical exercises. Our readers may confidently be referred to Mr. Arthur R. Gordon, the "Six-Foot Specialist," of 17, Stroud Green Road, London, whose advertisement appears elsewhere in this number. The various testimonials that Mr. Gordon can show appear to be no doubt that his system of exercises has increased, and can increase, the height of persons at middle age, by the effect it produces upon the cartilage of the human body. We recommend readers who desire to increase their height to communicate with Mr. Gordon.

GRAND PRIZE COMPETITION.

£34

FOR 10 MINUTES' WORK.

65 Valuable Prizes.

First Prize - £2 2s.

No Entrance Fee.

Entirely Free.

We reproduce opposite a First Lesson in Sloan-Duployan high-speed Shorthand—the easiest system in the world. All we ask you to do is to work through this to the best of your ability—it will not require ten minutes—and post your answer so that we receive it not later than the first post on

Monday, 16th June, 1913.

Mark the envelope "COMPETITION." The above prizes will be awarded to the senders of the first 65 correct or nearest correct solutions opened in the presence of a Director of "Modern Life" on that date.

Full particulars of this—the easiest Competition ever published—appeared in last week's "Modern Life."

Names of Winning Competitors will be announced in the issue of this journal for June 28 (published June 23).

The Shorthand Association,

303, Holborn Hall,

— London, W.C. —

(Telephone, 6111 Holborn.)

CONSONANTS:—

P | B | F | V | K | G | T | D

These signs are thickened to add "R," thus:—

PR | BR | FR | VR | KR | GR | TR | DR

VOWELS:—

Short "A," as in "bat." Long "O," as in "boat."

"OO," as in "boot."

In Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" Shorthand, vowels are always written according to their sound, in the body of the word, without lifting the pen.

EXAMPLES:—

Pack	p a k	Grope	g r o p
Voter	v o t r	Craft	k r a f t
Pad	p a d	Batter	b a t r

Can You Read these Words?

7 8 9 10 11

WORD CONTRACTIONS:—

— And — The — In — Have — Go — A

EXAMPLES:—

The duke drove the trap.
The crew have a bad boat.

Can You Read these Sentences?

1. / — 2. / — 3. / — 4. / — 5. / — 6. / — 7. / — 8. / — 9. / — 10. / — 11. / —

INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT 3 INCHES.

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

"Wanted," says the advertisement in the Situations Vacant column, "men of good appearance." That is simply another way of saying "tall men."

The tall man is always the man who is wanted. To him, and to him only, are the best positions open.

The Army, the Navy, the Police Forces, at home and abroad, all require tall men.

In the office it is just the same. The tall man is preferred because his personal influence is greater

than that of a short man. He has a dominant physique, and what he says carries weight.

Behind the counter none but the tall man is wanted. He makes a good impression on customers, his arguments carry conviction, and he builds up and improves the business.

Do you realise that your stature is a thing which rests in your own hands? You can increase your height by means of my special exercises just as easily as you can increase the size of your arm or your chest.

All the time I require you to devote to my exercises is ten minutes each morning and evening. They are very interesting and pleasant to perform, and, as no appliances are used in connection with them, there is no danger of overstrain. Besides increasing your height, my exercises will greatly improve your physique and general fitness, and you will be delighted with them in every way. In three months' time my system will make you taller by from two to three inches, and you will be stronger and healthier than you ever were before.

I do not undertake the treatment of cases where the student is over forty, as after that age the cartilaginous cushions of the spine are in most cases not susceptible to increase, and a disappointed pupil would be no recommendation to me

PROOF.

Lance-cpl. F. C. Y. (Chatham) writes:

"Am truly astonished and delighted with the result, which is this—a gain of one inch in a month. This I consider remarkable, and a splendid testimony to the efficacy and value of your system and the exercises which you prescribed for me, taking into consideration the fact that I have been in the army some time, and a considerable time having elapsed since I completed all drill and gymnastics as a recruit."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes: "I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

G. H. B. (Bradford) writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4 feet 9½ inches, but it is now 5 feet, an increase of 2½ inches, which I think is very good."

A. K. (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2½ inches."

A. W. (Rochdale) writes: "I have just been exercising five weeks. I have done my best to follow your advice faithfully, and I am delighted with results in such a short space of time. I have had physical culture courses be-

fore, but they have never done me anything like the good yours has. To begin with, I have gained almost an inch in height, and that means absolute growth, not straightening up, because I was perfectly straight to begin with. Every one of my measurements has increased a good deal. Also, I feel brighter and have more energy and vigour. My exercises have a fascination for me, and are not a burden; their variety makes them a real pleasure to perform."

W. B. E. (Johannesburg) writes: "I must say the improvements have been wonderful. In fact, several of my friends have remarked the splendid carriage I have, and I have never really felt better in my life."

G. C. (Birmingham) writes: "I have now finished my third lesson, and my height has increased by half an inch. I consider it is very good, because I have not grown at all for about two years. I am now going strong."

A. W. (Southwark) writes: "I have made very satisfactory progress. Gained desired increase in height and all round physical development under your system, which I shall recommend at all times. Health much better."

The full names and addresses of these and many other students who heartily recommend my system will be sent to all interested readers.

Write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN, The Six-Foot Specialist,

Dept. M, 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.



STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Last week was a terror for the speculator who dealt in differences, but it was the opportunity of a lifetime for the investor, or for that matter the speculator, also, who was in a position to pay for his goods.

Time after time I have endeavoured to impress upon my readers that the time to buy is when prices are being knocked out, but despite my repeatedly driving home this fact, I cannot help feeling that those who have money to spare do not take advantage of these opportunities that only periodically occur in the course of years.

Why wait until prices have recovered, if you can buy a stock or share to-day that a few days ago you might have been quite content to buy at 5 to 10 points higher? Surely if you have the money to put down it is worth securing at the lower level!

Numerous excuses have been put forward for the heavy liquidation, but I consider the one and only true reason for the fall is the fact that the public have not responded to the many inducements held out to them from time to time, and if the public are not buying it is impossible to maintain prices.

I feel confident that markets all round are at their lowest ebb and that the public will not get another opportunity of buying cheaper than the present prices if they wait till doomsday.

Among Home Rails there is any amount of dirt cheap stock to be picked up now.

Great Central Preferred are extremely attractive at 35½, Brighton Deferred at 89½, Districts at 34½, and South Eastern Deferred at 57½.

Americans have joined in the general slump, although this market does not bear the washed-out appearance that our own does, and I repeat what I said last week, that at the present time this is the best market for the speculator, with Union Pacifics and Eries as very enticing propositions at present quotations.

It is astonishing that, despite all the heavy liquidation, Simmer Deeps, the share of which I have so strongly recommended my readers to purchase as many as they could obtain, still hold their price. This only proves the strength of this share.

Never mind market slumps, liquidation, or anything else. You can safely buy Simmer Deep £1 shares, present price 4s. to 4s. 6d., for a rise of 3s. or 4s.

In these last few days many readers have asked me if I cannot put them on to a share that is not likely to be affected by the bad times on the Stock Exchange.

To all those I would recommend Bowerman's Press 1s. shares. This Company is the owner of your paper, *Modern Life*, and since the title has been changed the circulation has increased by some 20,000 copies per week. The 1s. Ordinary Shares are entitled to a Preferential Dividend of 10 per cent., and afterwards to a full distribution of the profits.

In addition to *Modern Life*, this Company owns "Bowerman's Dressmaker," and "Bowerman's Patterns," which is a very lucrative side to the business. Judging by the progress of the various publications it is quite on the cards that in another twelve months these shares will be doubling in value, and a dividend of more like 20 per cent. to 30 per cent. should be possible on the small capital issued.

If you would like to secure any of these attractive 1s. shares in the Bowerman's Press you had better forward your application to me.

Rubbers are almost a forgotten market, and very little has been doing in Oils, and with the exception of Shell port prices have kept very firm.

I shall be pleased to forward the name and address of member of the Stock Exchange to any reader wishing to invest or speculate.

ORTHOS

BRIEF REPLIES.

Investor.—Do not part with any of your securities. They are all and prices will right themselves again in due course.

J. H. (Halifax).—Do not sell your South Eastern deferred, as prices rapidly recover at any moment. You are lucky to get Great Central deferred so cheap, as they are one of the foremost spots in the Home way Market. I am glad you purchased some Simmer Deep. They should hold for double the price.

W.M. (Middlesex).—Read my notes about Bowerman's Press. I can arrange for 500 of these to be allotted to you, and I will give you the name of a broker to buy you Simmer Deep. Chartered are round again, but I do not recommend a purchase just now.

Fred (Weymouth).—Do not sell your Great Central or Districts. I have taken them up, and as you have another £500 to invest I advise you to secure some more of these stocks at once.

H.J. (Brighton).—Have no fear. The shares you mention are very cheap and I can only congratulate you on being fortunate in buying at so low a figure.

B.F. (Worcester).—The best speculation I can recommend in the market is Simmer Deep £1 ordinary shares at 4s., and Ashanti at £1.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

WORLD'S RECORD 166,000 MILES

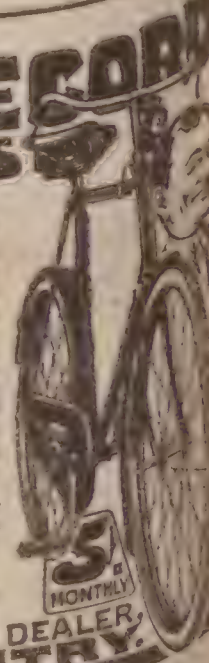
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RACING.

BY "OLD HAND."

Well, the Derby's through, and beyond remarking that we were perhaps more than a trifle unlucky to lose our money after our selection had passed the post first, I don't know that it is necessary for me to offer any comment on the race. You will, of course, have learned the facts of what happened during the running of the race long before these notes are in the press, and, like myself, will have formed an opinion of the dastardly action on the part of the person who cannot be described as other than a fanatic.

What your opinion may be I have no means of knowing, but it would be useless even to attempt to write mine, as we have quite a respectable censor in our printing department, and it would have about as much a chance of appearing in print as would a snowflake of appearing in the land of Hades. I suppose that, according to the law of nature, we should feel sorry for this misguided person, but how can we find any sympathy for one who by her action not only offers an outrageous insult to our King, but in so doing deliberately endangers the lives of others.

I know little or nothing of the merits attaching to the women's fight for a vote, and still less of what chance they have or had of getting it, but after this last detestable action to further their cause, it is certain that if there was a chance for them it is now extinguished so far as the sporting fraternity is concerned, and they count for something.

Writing in this strain is rather outside my line, so I will leave it and get on with the business of trying to find a winner or two for this week. Before doing so, however, I have to admit to an error of judgment in connection with two horses that ran in the Derby. You will probably remember that last week I referred to a letter I had received from a reader pointing out how Great Sport should beat Aldegond, and that I did not agree with the view. Well, I was wrong; and without any beating about the bush I give my correspondent credit for having exercised better judgment than myself,

and after having written these few lines I raise my glass to him.

And now for this week's racing: The principal event with which we have to deal is the Newbury Summer Cup, run on Thursday, and though there may not be many runners, it is pretty certain to be an interesting race.

As I anticipated would be the case, Jackdaw has been kept for this useful prize instead of going for one he could not very well have lost at Salisbury recently. Whether the policy pays or not remains to be seen. After the way he ran with Tracery and Stedfast just recently, he must certainly have a big chance, and I should say that he is sure to be very handy at the finish.

Sam Darling won this race last year with Preferment, whom he sent instead of Tullibardine, but he now only has the latter in the race, and though he may win it I cannot fancy his chance greatly. Chili II. ran very well indeed in this race last season, and should again make a good show. Wagstaff may do better than at Newmarket, when although not thoroughly wound up he put up a good performance in finishing fourth in the Babraham Plate. Mr. E. Dresden's colt will now strip in much better trim, and will have to be reckoned with.

De Mestre has both Junior and Early Hope engaged, and as they are in different ownerships both may run. I don't know though that either is quite capable of doing it over this distance, and would rather have Rivoli, who as the winner of the Queen's Prize, must come into the reckoning.

This twelve furlongs will suit Emerald Ring very well, and Mr. Bradbury's horse might possibly run into a place, though I think that of the two I would rather take Lindsay Gordon, a genuine animal, and one that is certain to give his backers a good run for their money. It is between him and

JACKDAW

that the race appears to rest, and I shall give preference to the latter.

On the previous day, at the same meeting the Empire Stakes is to be decided, and though there are only a dozen acceptors, this number is enough to ensure a good race. Zebre, who won it last year with 7-4, now has another stone to carry, but this may not prevent him winning a second time.

During summer the heated pavements act upon boot leather in such a manner as to make it easily worn by friction. It becomes hard and powders easily. This is the secret of wear.

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Fit and well, Bachelor's Tax might very easily win, and another that will be right there at the finish is Castleton, but for the winner I shall take

ZEBRE.

As soon as Marco Prunella, admirably written by young Cooper, after being badly drawn on the stand side, had won the Juvenile Selling Plate for the bookmaker-owner, there was a rush to the paddock to see the Derby horses.—*Evening News*. Quite an artistic double event.

We remind readers of *Modern Life* of the competition organised by Holborn Hall College, London, W.C., advertised last week, and which is repeated on another page. Competitions there are of many kinds, but this one is a decided novelty, both because it is absolutely the simplest we have ever seen, because it does not necessitate more than five minutes' work, and lastly because it is absolutely free. The scheme is ingenious, and is designed to induce competitors to realise how simple and effective the Sloan-Duployan system is when acquired under the "New Rapid" process. Besides this there is the opportunity of earning two guineas or one of 64 other prizes. Now then, hurry up and send in your solutions. Next Monday is your last chance. Somebody will get a cheque for two guineas the same day. This competition, we may add, is only open to *Modern Life* readers, and has not been published in any other journal. There is no need to make a run on the local post office for sixpenny postal orders, as in this competition there is no entrance fee whatever. Every reader of *Modern Life* is, of course, expected to send in a solution, but take care and be in time.

Love may laugh at the locksmith, but it will refuse to smile over a lock of the wrong woman's hair.

"In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." By now he is earnestly considering how to get out of the mess, poor devil.

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A GUARANTEED REMEDY FREE.

1,250 4/6 Treatments of Dr. Hoff's U.A.E. TO BE GIVEN AWAY FREE.

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Dr. Hoff's U.A.E. dissolves and drives the Uric Acid which causes Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, etc., out of the system. IT IS THE ONLY KNOWN REMEDY WHICH ACTS IN THIS WAY, AND THEREFORE THE ONLY CERTAIN CURE. I do not care what remedies you have tried, how many magnetic belts or other appliances you have worn, or how many years you have suffered without relief, U.A.E. will cure you. Many thousands have been cured after trying all sorts of so-called cures, all, remedies, appliances, belts, and after undergoing treatment in baths, spas, hospitals, etc.

REMEMBER, the cause of Rheumatism is in the blood. You cannot coax it out through the skin with plasters or belts. You cannot tease it out with oils or embrocations, or burn it out with impregnated wadding, or wash it out with medicated waters. YOU MUST DISSOLVE AND DRIVE THE URIC ACID—WHICH CAUSES THESE COMPLAINTS—OUT OF THE BLOOD. This is just what Dr. Hoff's great remedy does. It expels the cause, and drives the Uric Acid out through the natural channels of the body. That is why it cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gout, etc., and why I CAN GUARANTEE THAT IT WILL CURE YOU.

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This Coupon entitles any reader of "Modern Life" to a 4s. 6d. box of Dr. Hoff's CELEBRATED Uric Acid Expeller ("U.A.E.") FREE OF charge.

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A. B. WYATT, 3, Falmer Road, Enfield, Middlesex.
W. H. BLACKSHAW, The Lea, Denham, Bucks.

H. COLCHIN, Junr., Woolpack Inn, Iwade, Kent.
F. SMITH, 241, High Street, Porth, Glam.
T. PHILLIPS, 34, The Park, Treharris.
W. H. COWDERY, Foresters Arms, Coxgreen, Maidenhead.
B. AINLEY, 10, Hamilton St., Old Trafford, Manchester.

EACH OF THE FOLLOWING HAS ALREADY WON £100 FROM US:—

J. J. STEPHENSON, 42, Durham Road, Stockton-on-Tees.
J. PARRISH, 165, North Road, Clayton, Manchester.
J. DIXON, 149, Albert Street, Millom, Cumberland.
C. E. PAGE, 1, Royal Villas, Maxton, Dover.
H. HACK, 30, Little Earl Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London.
A. THOMPSON, 29, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall, London.
MRS. OLIVER, 22, Nicolson Street, Edinburgh.
BOMBARDIER COAKLEY, R.G.A., The Castle, Dover.
A. KERR, Sheephead Inn, Duddington, Scotland.
M. BROWN, 68, Corporation Road, Workington.

EACH OF THE FOLLOWING HAS ALREADY WON £50 FROM US:—

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A. ELLIOTT, 139, Portman Buildings, Lisson Grove, London, N.W.
H. POWELL, 1, Reubens Place, New Denham, Uxbridge.
G. GREEN, 10, Church Street, Madeley, Salop.
B. HANCOCK, Westcombe House, Bideford, Devon.
G. SPENCER, Criterion Bar, St. Andrews, N.B.
W. TREMLETT, Whiteley's Depot, Hillingdon Heath, Uxbridge.
J. CHARNOCK, 10, Norman Road, Seacombe, Liverpool.
G. BOWNAS, Temperance Hotel, Grassington, Yorks.

The Editor of "John Bull" on Feb. 1st stated:—

"We have many times expressed satisfaction with Mr. H. Diamond's methods, and can assure our readers that from beginning to end each sweep promoted by him is absolutely straight, square and aboveboard."

Mr. W. Lotinga, editor of "Lotinga's Weekly," and well known for many years, until recently, as Magpie of "The Globe," and as "Larry Lynx" said Oct. 12:—
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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

The recent hot spell of weather, with men wearing shoes for coolness and pretty socks for appearance, drew my attention to the pedal extremities of young London.

A not unusual defect was the inadequate suspension of the said socks. The sock suspender requires care in selection. Too tight, it interferes with blood circulation and induces varicose veins. Too loose, the socks slip at the ankles. The perfect sock suspender is a comfort to the wearer and a joy to the eye of the beholder. The imperfect sock suspender is a nuisance and a waste of good money.

There are some perfect or nearly perfect sock suspenders in the market.

A smartly cut pair of boots or shoes adds immensely to one's appearance. A little ornamentation on the leather is good, but it should not be overdone. Smart boots do not necessarily mean tightness or discomfort to the wearer. In fact, in boots, as in clothes, the clever cutter can give ample room with neatness and smartness.

A stitch in time saves nine—Proverb.

The economical man, especially if a bachelor—if married his wife will keep him right—should keep an eye upon his clothes. A frayed button hole or loose button, a seam coming loose, the bottom of trousers showing signs of wear—all these, and other complaints that clothes are heir to, can be easily put right if attended to promptly, and if not attended give an uncared-for look to a man.

There are some enterprising firms nowadays who make a business of attending to these details at a moderate price.

A thorough brushing, removal of soils and stains, and a good pressing make an old suit look almost new.

MAKE A NOTE.

No doubt many readers of *Modern Life* are unfortunate enough to suffer from those painful but all-prevailing complaints, rheumatism, gout and other similar ailments. We would recommend those readers to try a course of Dr. Hoff's U.A.E. 55 (Uric Acid Expeller). We have seen evidence of some really remarkable cures, so that it appears that this actually is a wonderful remedy for these complaints and has cured many seemingly hopeless cases, including some which had undergone hospital treatment without success. We feel certain that anyone trying this remedy will not be disappointed with the results and can rely on fair and courteous treatment. The address is 190, Fleet Street, London, E.C., and we understand that a liberal trial is sent to all applicants enclosing two stamps for postage.

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It is impossible to comprehend the possibilities of such an invention—to think that every man, woman and child in the country can, by the simple process of rubbing a preparation into the soles of their boots, make those soles wear from three to five times as long, is a stupendous idea. That is what the manufacturers of "SEMELY" claim, and from the many testimonials they have received from persons competent to judge, justly so. Booklets with reference to "SEMELY" from the 2,000 prize scheme may be had on application from the Company's offices, 21, Charterhouse Street, London, E.C.

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